Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou diſputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one pennie in the world, thou ſhould'ſt haue it to buy Gingerbread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maſter, thou halfe pennie purſe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of diſcretion. O And the heauens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard; what a ioyfull father wouldſt thou make mee? Goe to, thou haſt it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends as they ſay.

Peda. Oh I ſmell falſe Latine, *dunghel*, for *vnguem*.

Brag. *Artſ-man præambulat*, we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charge-houſe on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your ſweete pleaſure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *ſans queſtion*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſſe at her Pauillion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *Poſterior* of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſureable for the afternoon: the word is well culd, choſe ſweet, and apt I doe aſſure ſir, I doe aſſure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe aſſure you very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it paſſe. I doe beſeech thee remẽber thy curteſie. I beſeech thee apparrell thy head: and among other importunate & moſt ſerious deſigns, & of great import indeed too: but let that paſſe, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to leane vpon my poore ſhoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my muſtachio: but ſweete heart let that paſſe. By the world I recount no fable, ſome certaine ſpeciall honours it pleaſeth his greatneſſe to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath ſeene the world: but let that paſſe; the very all of all is: but ſweet heart I doe implore

ſecrecie

ſecrecie, that the King would haue (ſweet chucke) with ſome delight pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke the Curate and your ſweet ſelfe are ſodaine breaking out of myrth (as you withall, to the end to craue your

Peda. Sir, you ſhall preſent befo Sir, *Holofernes*, as concerning ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to the Kings command: and this moſt g Gentleman, before the Princeſſe: I the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men them?

Peda. Ioſua, your ſelfe: my ſelf man *Iudas Maccabeus*; this Swaine or ioynt) ſhall paſſe *Pompey* the grea

Brag. Pardon ſir error: He is not Worthies thumb, he is not ſo big as

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be will haue an Apologie for that purpo

Pag. An excellent deuice: ſo if an may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now that is the way to make an offence g the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the reſt of the Worthie

Peda. I will play three my ſelfe.

Pag. Thrice worthie Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing.

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge you follow.

Ped. Via good-man *Dull*, thou h while.

Dull. Nor vnderſtood none neith

Ped. Alone, we will imploy thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or ſo bor to the Worthies, and let them da

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3